THREE

ELEGIES:

The First, to the MEMORY of
Lieutenant-General
Mackay.

The Second, to the MEMORY of
My Lord **Angus,**
Only Son of the Marquis of **Dowglas.**

The Third, to the MEMORY of
Lieut. Collonel **Fullerton.**

Who were all Three *Slain*, at the *Attacque* at *Steenkerken* near *Enguin*,
on *July* 24. St. Vet. *Anno* DOM. 16 2.
August 3. St. Nov.

Written by RO. FLEMING. A

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BRITISH MUSEUM

[redacted]

To the Memory of

Lieutenant-General Mackay.

Who was Kill'd near Bruges, Aug. 1692.

Dignum Laude Virum

Musa vetat mori. ——— Horat.

Mackay! what? that *Great*, that *Noble Name*,
So loudly Honour'd by the Voice of *Fame*?
What, *Dead*? no sure, he lives, and ever shall,
His Name no *Grave* admits, or *Funeral*.
Let *Death* ore's *Ashes* triumph as its Spoil,
His noble *Fame*'s immortal as his Soul.
For even whil'st *Death* does his *Exit* boast,
It sends his *Glory* to each *Forraign* Coast,
Glory, which was the *Center* of his Soul,
Th, *Vital Spirits*, which through his *Life* did roul.
Glory, which was not a meer *Itch* of *Blood*,
Of doing things *Extravagant*, but *Good*.
A *Glory*, which GOD did himself inspire,
A *Glory* hallow'd by *Religious Fire*.
Thence't was, he honour'd all were *Good* and *Brave*,
Pitied meer *Fools*, but hated every *Knave*,
Thence't was, his *Pulse* did beat with *Generous Heat*,
And all his *Presence*, all his *Life* was *Great*.
Thence't was, his *Thoughts*, brave *Projects* still did form,
Which he as bravely after did perform.
Brave were his *Actions*, *Noble* was his *Aim*;
And *He* that *Nobly* would declare the same,
Must form such *genuine Notions* in his *Thought*,

As may the Bravery shew, wherewith he Fought.
But who's alive, that hath the Art or Skill
To Pen those *Actions*, which may *Volumes* fill.
Those *Actions*, which a *Plutarch* do require,
Or a new *Virgil* with Poetick Fire,
To dress this *Hero* in deserv'd Attire.
But though it be a Work and Task too great
For my affrighted *Muse*, for to narrate
The Bravery of this Bravest Man, yet she
Taught by his great *Example* scorns to flee;
But does resolve on the *Attempt*, to tell
How brave the *Hero* liv'd, how brave he fell.
Nature did frame him in the *Womb* for *War*,
And sent him in the very Bud afar;
To do such *Actions*, even whilst a *Youth*,
As did amaze all Hearts, and fill'd each mouth.
Let *Venice* tell, how bravely then he fought,
And with a *Roman* Courage *Glory* sought:
Yea, let all *Europe* and the World say,
If they'l but speak ingenuously, if they
Did not admire the dawning of his Day.
But those so many *Actions*, and so Great,
Both *First* and *Later*, here for to relate,
Do so Affright my Weak and bashfull *Muse*;
That She's resolv'd, but *One* or *Two* to chuse
Out of the *Rest*; to let the *World* know,
How much all *Europe* to this *Man* doth owe.
When *our brave David* did resolve to try,
To save whole *Britain* from the Grave or die;
Mackay, who *Sauls* Arts had long withstood,
Resolv'd, in the Attempt to spend his Blood:
And in the glorious Race did nobly start,
And in each Step, as nobly did his Part.
Of all the *Hero's* helpt *Him* to the *Throne*,

MACKAY is one of th' First, and yields to none,
Let *Scotland* say, what *Actions* there he did,
Which Spite of Envy's Clouds, cannot ly hid;
What Wisdom and what Valour he did show
In all *Attacks* against the *Rebel Foe*,
Where, had all *others* been as brave and true,
No need had been a *Treaty* to pursue
With the poor, Conquer'd, *Thieving Highland-Crew*.
Let *Irelands Coasts* sound forth his glorious *Name*,
And *Eccho-like* reverberate his *Fame*;
Since to none more she does her *Freedom* owe,
Though Envy would o'recloud what all may know.
Who was't? who at *Athlone* did lead the *Van*,
And leapt into the *River* the *first Man*?
Who with the *first* did scale the frightn'd *Town*,
And at his *Feet* made th' *Bloody Foe* fall down?
Is there a Man, to whom *Red Agrim Feilds*,
A fresher or a fairer Lawrel yeilds?
When he like Thunder on the *Foe* did Charge,
And shew'd his *Might* was as his Courage large:
When he the Fury of the *Foe* did quell,
And by his Hand, the *Sons of Anak* fell.
But it's too long in *Verse* for to declaim,
Upon so great, and so diffus'd a *Theme*.
Nay 'tis above th' *Historians Art* to shew,
In proper *Colours* th' Actions he did do.
Wherefore my *Muse* Heroick thoughts lays by,
And with faint Heart attempts his Elegy;
Draws now the *Curtain* of the last sad Scene,
And shews how he unto his *Exit* came.
Near *Enguin's* Fields, it was resolv'd to try
One brisk *Attack* upon the *Enemy*.
There *Wirtenberg* the *Dunes* did bravely lead;
And bold *Mackay* march'd glorious on the Head
Of daring *Scots* and *English*, who that day,
Resolv'd to make the *French* for *Namur* pay:

Many together for this End were met,
At the *Suns rise*, who ne'er did see him *set*,
Brave was the *Aim*, and nobly was it *laid*,
Brave to the *Issue*, even though betray'd.
Where, though too many brave men have been lost,
Th' *French*, whom th' *Fight* a double Number cost
Have little cause a *Victory* to boast.
Nay, if one gen'rous Spark in such remain,
They can't but praise and wonder at the *Slain*;
Who having broke through every Stop i'th' way,
Made the *Foe* dearly for their Blood to pay.
Ther't was *Mackay* Wonders did perform,
Roul'd through the *Feilds* like an impetuous Storm,
Forc'd all before him, till a *fatal Ball*,
Stopt his *Career*. At whose so sudden fall,
The *Foe* encourag'd venture on anew,
And with fresh Forces their Designs pursue;
Then did our *Soldiers* Strength begin to tyre;
Yet did such things as made the *French* admire;
But who needs wonder that they did *Retire*,
Since brave *Mackay* their *Heart* and *Life* was gone,
Whose Presence seem'd an *Army* all alone.
But since it was by *Heaven* thus decreed,
That he must now from all his *Toyl* be freed;
Let's cease to Judge what we can never find,
And prize the *Example* which he left behind:
For in his *Soul* such *Qualities* did dwell,
As rarely to a single *Man* e're fell.
He was whate're could any one commend,
Barve Soldier, Christian, Subject, Man and Friend.

Illustrissimo Heroi,

Carmina hæc Exequialia,

Debita Musa.

Exaravit, Cecinit, Posuit,

R. F.

[redacted]

To the Memory of

My LORD Angus,

Only Son of

The Marquis of Douglas

Who was slain near *Enguin*, *July* 24. *S. Vet.* 1692.

Ostenduntterris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra
Esse finunt ——— *Virg.*

WHat? *Angus* dead! Let's stop and say no more,
But with sad Sighs, and briny Tears, deplore
The *Common Loss*: the Stroak is far too great
For *Words* to tell, or *Lines* for to relate.
But, what! Shall *Silence* then his Name o'recloud,
As undistinguish'd from the *Common Croud*?
Shall we with *Death*, as Stupid, Sympathize,
Which ev'n a *Tomb* his dear *Remains* denyes?
Or shall no other *Elegy* be made
To shew his worth, but barely this; *He's Dead*?
No, no; my *Muse* this Treachery doth scorn
To see a *Youth* so *Brave*, so *Noble born*,
In dark *Oblivion* have his Name to sculk,
As if his *Fame* were Mortal as his *Dust*.
No; we'll in this *Deaths* Project Countermine,
And *Consecrate* these *Verses* for his *Shrine*.
Let then the *World* know how it is bereft
Of such a glorious *Flower*, as *Death* has left.
Scarce such another standing on the *Stage*,
A *Flower*, the glory of this *Dwarfy Age*.

One

One, who with such a Radiant *Lustre* shone
In the first Budding, as if fully grown.
Who, though a *Youth*, did to such Virtue rise,
As few, ev'n in this *Noon* do e'er comprise.
He was *all Beauty*; *Lovely*, *Noble*, *Brave*,
Were the *Perfections*, which him *Nature* gave:
And as his *Birth* and his *Descent* was high,
So *Glory* was the *Object* of his *Eye*.
Mean things he scorned, was in all things *Great*:
His *Life* did shew his *Soul* was *Virtue's Seat*.
Sure, never *Youth* more Nobly did begin
All *Hearts* and *Honours Prize* at once to win.
His *Morning-Sun* did rise without a Cloud;
But soon his *Skie* grew black with Thunder loud.
Sweet *Bud!* soon blossom'd, and soon nip'd with cold;
Yet worthy for to have thy *Name* inroll'd
I'th'list of thy *Great Ancestors*, whose names
Fame loudly yet to all the World proclaims.
Justly, alas! the *Dowglasses* bemoan
Their state, since all their hopes with thee are gone.
Alas! *Sweet Youth*, why wert thou made to be
At once our *Glory* and our *Miserie?*
Ah! had not thy *Perfections* (just begun
In Lifes fair Morning) been Eclips'd so soon,
We had admir'd and glory'd in thy *Noon*.
But Oh! as *Angels* tarry not on *Earth*,
And Noble *Souls* make haste from panting Breath;
So thou abruptly leaves thy *Friends* below,
Just as the *Lawrel* should have Crown'd thy Brow:
Thy *Soul*, the pure, the bright *Ethereal Flame*,
In haste, *Wing'd* up from *hence* to *whence* it came.
But why so fast? What haste for to be gone?
So as thy *flight* was *secret*, seen by none.
Why is it thy *Great Ashes* to us here,

Though

Though fought and fought again, do not appear?
Is it because thou feemst *Earthly Name*,
And from the World withdraws thy *very Name*?
Or is't not rather, that thy *flight* from *Earth*
May be eſteem'd *Tranſlation*, not a *Death*?
Whate'er it be, *Death* has no cauſe to boaſt,
As if thou wert all *Shipwrack* here and loſt,
For as thy *Soul's* Immortal, ſo thy *Name*
We do commit unto the *Voice* of *Fame*,
A *Monument* to thy *Worth* and *Praiſe*,
On *laſting Pillars* of *ſtrong Verſe* I raiſe,
Verſe, which becauſe they ſing of *Thee*, do claim
To be Immortal, like their Noble *Theme*.
This done, my *Muſe* her part to *Fame* gives o're,
Until *Eternity* diſcover more.

Nobiliſſimo Juveni
Hoc qualecunque Monumentum
Sacrum eſſe voluit;
R. F.

[redacted]

To the Memory of

Lieutenant Colonel Fullerton:

Who was Slain at *Steenkerken*, *July* 24. St. Vet. 1692.

O celeres hominum bonorum dies. —— Apul.

WHat ſuddain *Thought* rides *Poſt* through all my Breaſt?
And does forbid my *Muſe* to be at reſt.
It was but now She *Spiritleſs* did grow,
Whilſt She *Mackay* and *Angus* Worth did ſhow;
And did reſolve to let a *better Pen*
Record the Actions of ſuch other Men:
As in the late ſad *Scene* conjoyn'd did ſtand,
And to th' *Attack* did give their helping Hand.
But a new *Name* doth my *Affections* ſway,
And my poor *Muſe* doth venture to obey.
It's *Fullerton*. That Name doth Sound ſo big,
I'th'Ears of each true *Williamite* and *Whig*,
As was enough to fright a *Rogue* of late,
Th' *Object* of his *Envy* and his *Hate*:
Since there was none more nobly did deſpiſe
Baſe ſneiking *Villains* and their *Treacheries*.
He bravely did ſet forth in *Glories Race*,
And in no *Action* did bely his *Face*,
His *Face* which ſparkl'd with *Majeſtick Grace*:
In which a *Phyſiognamiſt* could ſee,

As

As in his *Body*, nought but *Symmetrie*.
For *Nature*, when she ship't and framed it,
Resolv'd with care no Error to commit,
As knowing that a *noble Soul* should dwell
In that fair *Fabrick*, which did shew so well.
A *Noble Soul*, which stored was with all
Th' *Attractive Virtues*, which could one befall:
Virtue, which did to all his *Life* dispense
A constant universal *Influence*.
Religion o're his *Soul* did bear the sway,
And he to *God* did hearty *Homage* pay:
Was *true* unto his *King* and *General*,
Kind to *good men*, and *Courteous* to *all*;
Brave to his *Friends*, *Affectionat* to *Her*,
Whose *Love alternate* ne're from *Him* did stir.
Brave was the *End*, which he did still design;
To reach the which, he never did decline
From the strict *Rules* of *Virtues* Sacred Line.
Through all the *Stops* and *Hardships* which he met,
He march'd *Victorious*; even when he *Set*.
When brave *Argile* and *Monmouth* joyn'd to free
The *British Empire* from the *Tyrannie*
Which did it threaten, he put to his Hand
For the Defence of his dear *Native Land*.
And, tho the *Project* failed of the end,
It serv'd the more his *Valour* to commend;
Who having Fought, till he could do no more,
With noble *Bravery* adverse *Fortune* bore.
Yea, *Story* scarce can shew a *Parallel*,
When he, to free th' unfortunate *Argile*,
Did personate his *Character* and *Stile*:
Which having done, and he a *Prisoner* made,
He force'd again his Way, and bravely Fled.
But though the Noble *Peer* was seiz'd of new,
(Such was his Fate) yet *Fullerton* did shew
That sacred *Supposition* to be true;

That

That some *brave Men* there are dare shed their Blood,
To save a *Patriot* for a *Country's good*.
When the *great Orange* triumph'd on the Main,
And justly did the *British Sceptre* gain;
A second time he bravely ventur'd o're
With the fair *Fleet*, unto the longing Shore;
And justly did deserve the *Chancellry*
Which afterwards he did as bravely bear:
And as he came in valiant *Clieland's* stead,
He did unto his *Spirit* too succeed.
But too too quick did his bright *Taper* burn,
And blaz'd alas! too soon into the *Urn*,
For in the fatal *Fight*, near *Eyguin* Plains,
This noble *Youth*, whose Life no Error stains,
Was Call'd by Death to leave his dear *Remains*.
There *Major Ker* his *Valour* too did show,
And *fearless* did receive his *mortal blow*.
There *Fullerton* did *nobly Charge* through all,
Did *nobly Fight* and did as *nobly Fall*;
Scorning to be oblidg'd for *Life*, to those
Who basely did both *God* and *Truth* oppose.
And since he *nobly* thus did yield his *Breath*,
Let us to *Fame* his *noble Name* bequeath.

optimo Fortissimoque Viro

Versus hoce Lugubres

Amica Musa

Effundit, Dicavit

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